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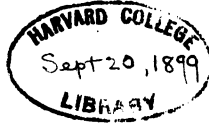
# THE DUTCHMAN

By  
EDWARD J. WHEELER



New York  
FUNK AND WAGNALLS COMPANY  
30 LAFAYETTE PLACE  
1899

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Edward Abbott

# THE DUTCHMAN

By EDWARD J. WHEELER

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His prow was pointed toward the Southern stars ;  
He plowed a furrow half way round the world.  
The winds of many zones tugged at his spars  
And beat his deck before his sails were furled.  
On, on and on—three thousand leagues of sea,  
Untried, unknown, he traversed to be free.

Stolid and stern, unsightly and uncouth,  
No scented darling he for courtly game ;  
But in that slow speech there was steadfast truth,  
And dauntless courage in that stubborn frame.  
On Afric's farthest cape he made his home,  
And thanked the good God he could cease to roam.

The Kings played chess, as Kings are wont to play,  
Each move an end to some fair land's repose.  
On Afric's fields, three thousand leagues away,  
One tyrant's flag came down, another rose.  
The Dutchman saw with gratitude profound.  
He hailed a savior—a worse tyrant found.



Vain his long search o'er many sounding seas.  
Still on the heights doth Freedom love to dwell,  
To shake her tresses in the mountain breeze,  
And hear the tales the upland forests tell.  
Far to the North, where snowy summits rise,  
The Boer, outmastered, turned his longing eyes.

Before him lay long miles of arid plain ;  
Around him valleys full of plenty smiled.  
He yoked his oxen to the lumbering wain,  
The jambok spoke in menace shrill and wild.  
Each mighty beast, submissive, bent his neck,  
And the Boer started on his long, long trek.

Came days of aching toll. Night after night  
He faced Death, eye to eye, and stared him down.  
With naked fist he met the lion in fight,  
And sent him scurrying to his jungles brown.  
The savage blacks who came to spoil and slay  
Reeled back before the laager's stern array.

Oh, Freedom dear, if ever man there was,  
In all the ages, earned thy favoring smile,  
This patient man has earned it. In his cause  
Pleads all the world to-day. Yea, even that Isle  
That hisses hate of him, thrills, too, with strong  
Deep notes of protest against England's wrong.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold! The cry filled all the air,  
And wrought like magic on the hearts of men.  
The restless souls in every land who dare  
Shake dice with Fate, felt the blood leap again.  
They came in squads—in troops—in rushing stream,  
Their motto ever this: "Follow the gleam!"

But most were men of that proud race who hold  
The Triple Isle as trident of the sea.  
What! was this Boer to rule a realm of gold?  
His slow hand time the march of Destiny?  
So came the clash, and on Majuba Hill  
That slow hand proved its swift, unerring skill.

The old Colossus spanned the Rhodian Bay;  
A continent, the new one would bestride,  
From Cape to Cairo drive his iron way,  
And a new empire for his Queen provide.  
An earthquake laid the old Colossus low.  
The new one laughs amid the earthquake's throe.

The lust for gold and lust for empire found  
That the bold Dutchman dared their way to block.  
They joined their force to sweep him from the ground:  
Move, said the Sea; I will not, said the Rock.  
For twenty years the Sea has shouted, Go!  
For twenty years the Rock has answered, No!

Now breaks the tempest! now the lightnings leap!  
And Boer and Briton join in final strife,  
And we, afar, bewildered sit, and keep  
Hushing the thoughts that cut us like a knife.  
Are we not Britons, too, in speech and blood?  
Can we curse them and bless the alien brood?

Britons, but not *such* Britons we; for lo!  
These men who goad the patient Boer to-day  
Are heirs of those who struck th' insensate blow  
At Lexington and Concord. Tories they,  
Whose hands have smitten Freedom's form, alas!  
In all her strifes with privilege and class.

Not these our kindred! no, we spurn the claim.  
But rather those whose voices have been bold,  
For love of England, to avert this shame  
And break the spell hypnotic cast by gold.  
Oh! for one hour of Gladstone's voice to plead  
The cause of God against the claims of Greed.









